Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

AND BULLETIN;

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES

Addressed to one who will understand them.

Well may'st thou mourn, thou lonely one!
Life hath no charms for thee;
A blighted wreck of being—flung
Upon a troubled sea.

I marvel not thine eye is dim,
Or thy young cheek is pale,
For well I know the tenderest flower
Bends soonest to the gale.

Disease is preying on thy form,
And sorrow on thy soul—
In keen remorse and harrowing thought,
The heavy moments roll.

A guilty, wretched thing, thou art,
Doomed through this vale to roam;
Estranged from parents, and from friends—
An outcast from thy home.

The past's a scene of rayless gloom—
The present one of tears;
The future opening to thy view,
A barren waste appears.

Why did my wandering footsteps stray,
To where thy haunt was made?
Why did I listen to thy voice,
In that lone, silent glade?

Or mark the burning tear-drops fall,
From thy dark, filling eye;
And hear thy youthful bosom heave
Contrition's lonely sigh?

Was it to make my bleeding heart
As desolate as thine?
And bow through life's futurity,
At sorrow's ebon shrine.

'Twas even so, and now I weep—
Yes, lady, weep for thee;
And for thy sum of wo and sin,
I pine in misery.

Enough—thy blasted form ere long
Shall rest beneath the stone;
And may the knell of thy decease,
Tell to the world mine own. OSCAR.

Written for the Casket.

Washaloo, the Indian Sachem: OR, FAITH UNBROKEN.

"Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
His courage dwelt not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue overruled,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown.—ADDISON."

"Si scieris fallo, me Diespiter, salva urbe arceque, bonis ejiciat ut ego hunc lapidem."—FEST. AP. LAT.

In the year 1682, did the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania, a philanthropist no less renowned for the benevolence of his heart than for the liberality of his enlarged views, conclude a treaty with some Indian nations, under the wide spreading branches of an *Elm Tree*, that stood upon the banks of the Delaware at Shackamaxon.—This compact, unlike most others, it is well known, was never violated on the part of the natives. Cemented by the indissoluble bonds of justice and religious solemnity, and subsequently confirmed by a beneficent deportment towards the aborigines, Penn secured their lasting *friendship*; and thus, whilst blood and carnage, breach of faith and base ingratitude, on mutual sides, followed close upon the heels of similar contracts, the stability of this GRAND TREATY stood unshaken—firm as the basis of the majestic and stupendous Chimborazo, around whose head the heavens war without effect; at whose feet the earth rocks in vain.

Among the sachems who negotiated the articles of treaty with William Penn, when the tomahawk and scalping knife were hung upon the tree of peace, and the pipe of friendship was smoked under the shadow of its luxuriant branches, was the celebrated warrior, WASHALOO, the subject of the following tale. As Lucifer shines resplendent among the stars of the morning, so did Washaloo among the children of nature; what Achilles had been in the Grecian camps before Troy, such was Washaloo upon the soil of America. Nature, in bestowing upon him the corporeal energy of an Ajax Telamon, did not withhold those more noble qualities, the wisdom and prudence of an Ulysses. Did he prove his prowess on the field of battle? The proud spirit of King Philip, of Mount Hope, was compelled to acknowledge his superiority—the scalps of a host of victims bore witness to it. Did he claim the merit of being an expert hunter?—Common consent awarded to him the high honor; as he passed, old women raised up their children to behold the man, and young women held down their heads and blushed at his approach.

Sheer ignorance of the manners and customs, habits and disposition of the Indians, has too often sanctioned the despicable cant of traducing and calumniating them in unmeasured terms, both in regard to their physical and moral nature. *Savages*, we are pleased to call them, merely because their ideas of men, principles, and things, do not quadrate with ours, which we would fain regard as the perfection of civility—aye, the rule and touchstone by which to test the refinement of other nations; but, in point of politeness and hospitality, the customs of the white man compared with those of the Indian, are surely put to the blush. These, whom the vanity of the civilized world has seen fit to stigmatize as barbarians, have, indeed, in all ages and countries, been allowed in an eminent degree, the virtue of hospitality. The wild Arabs are celebrated for it; on this account did the Greeks applaud the Scythians. With regard to politeness, the rules of the Indian are carried to such an extreme, that it may really be looked upon as a positive evil, insomuch as his notions on this subject do not permit him to contradict or refuse his assent to any proposition made in his presence.

In holding public councils, the greatest order and decorum obtain; the front rank is occupied by the old men; the warriors hold the next, and the women and children are placed hindmost. When young, the Indian men perform the duties of hunters and warriors; when old, that of counsellor devolves upon them; but to him only who has faced the *enemy* on the field of battle, is allowed the privilege of addressing the audience in a tone of authority. Hence, eloquence is one of the chief objects of their ambition, since this power alone, exerted in popular assemblies, may control the destiny of nations. The duty of the women consists in rearing the children, cultivating the soil, preparing the food, and in preserving and transmitting to posterity, a traditional history of all public transactions. The deeds of valor performed by the hand of the young and chivalrous warrior, find an ample reward in the smiles of his sweetheart. Is he unsuccessful in the chase?—In vain does he solicit the hand of youthful beauty. The butt of general ridicule, even the old women tauntingly invite him to remain at home and perform the more congenial offices of scouring pots and nursing children.

But two predominant passions hold a place in the breast of the North American Indian, friendship and revenge. Their passions are slowly moved, but when once excited, they manifest the most inveterate malignity and cold-blooded cruelty towards their enemies. That their ideas of revenge are cruel and vindictive in the extreme, visiting their wrongs, regardless either of age or sex, upon the innocent of the race from whom they have sustained injury, no one will be disposed to deny; but, that they have been, and still remain a deeply injured and persecuted people, is certainly not the less true. The whites on the frontiers have, indeed, been represented as no less ferocious and inhuman—both parties delighting in blood, and languishing in peace.—*However*, to estimate properly the character of the red men, it must not be forgotten that it was a border warfare, conducted in a manner peculiar to the situation in which a certain concurrence of circumstances had placed the two people. It is not at all surprising that the jealousy and resentment of the natives were roused into action, when they beheld their white neighbors gradually encroaching upon their hunting grounds, thus invading their most sacred rights—a right, granted by the God of nature; and when their passions were often still more inflamed by the misrepresentations of artful and reckless agents.

Indomitable chivalry in battle, unexampled fortitude in adversity, and wonderful talents in eloquence, are, in a word, the chief characteristics of this once numerous and powerful people, who have been compelled gradually to recede before the advancing step of their Anglo-Saxon conquerors. The primitive lords of the forest have vanished from the presence of the descendants of Penn; the terrific sound of his deafening war-whoop, has long since died away—he is no longer to be seen on the borders of the Atlantic; but, already driven beyond the mighty river of the west, the period is not far distant, when the remnant of this ill-starred nation, pushed to the shores of the Pacific, will become an extinct race! In surveying his present degraded destiny, the eye of humanity is forced to shed the sympathetic tear; for, had the white man performed but a tythe of his duty, he would not be doomed to grovel in abject misery and degradation. The intellectual capacity and moral affections with which nature has endowed the brothers of the twenty-four fires, render them capable of pursuing the paths of refined and civilized life—of treading the flowery mazes of the arts and sciences. Many a high-souled genius, wrought for immortality, and stamped with the patent of the Deity, for want of proper culture, has returned to his parent dust, unknown and undeveloped. Some WASHINGTON, in whose breast the destinies of a nation may lie dormant—some JEFFERSON, whose philosophic spirit, like the bright luminary of day, shot forth the effulgent rays of his genius, to illuminate the mind of a young republic—some FRANKLIN, who, Prometheus-like, tore the lightning from the heavens, "*eripuit fulmen caelo*," and subjected it to the dominion of his philosophy—may all, at this moment, banished beyond the Mississippi, be dragging out a miserable existence, estranged from the fountain of true wisdom and of knowledge.

But, despite of envy, the Treaty of Penn will stand in bold relief on the page of history, as a cenotaph, more immutable than marble, more durable than brass, to rescue the national honor of the persecuted Indian, from the foul opprobrium by which it has been so wantonly aspersed; it demonstrates, clear as the light of the meridian day, that the American native, when dealing with the spirit of a Penn, will cling to his word with unshaken adherence and religious devotion.

The character I have portrayed under the title of Washaloo, is not an imaginary one; along the vast sweep from the estuary of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Sabine, thousands, possessed of such moral and intellectual powers, have risen, flourished, and died, like the flower that

———"Is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Whereas, had their feats of valor been performed under the extended wings of the Roman or American Eagle, the laurel wreath of victory would have decorated the warrior's throbbing temples, and the trumpet of fame would have sounded peans of praise in celebration of his triumph; the page of history would have recorded his imperishable renown, and the nation's gratitude would have bid the gorgeous mausoleum to arise, and the sculptured marble to start forth into the form and features of animate man, to perpetuate the glory of his venerated name.

But to proceed to our immediate subject. In the peaceful possession of sovereign power, blessing his people and by his people blessed, Washaloo reigned for many years over his tribe on the Delaware. His steady justice, impartiality, and public faith, rendered him the arbiter of surrounding nations, when contention distracted their peace. If a stronger power attempted to subjugate a weaker one, over which it had no equitable right, the arms of Washaloo were always interposed in behalf of the oppressed. He never engaged in any enterprise that could interrupt the harmony subsisting between himself and other tribes; but, wherever the beacon of even-handed justice directed the way, thither he led his invincible warriors. Of this nature was that ever memorable and distressing contest, well known under the name of the Rhode Island chief, King Philip's War, whose grand object was, totally to extirpate the English. The reason assigned, on the part of the Indians, for this movement, which occurred a few years antecedent to Penn's Treaty, was, the rapid extension of the European settlements, affording a well grounded apprehension that they would, ere long, be wholly dispossessed of their hunting grounds; a bitter provocation moreover existed in the circumstance of several Indians being betrayed on board of a vessel, and thus treacherously sold for slaves. To attain his end the more effectually, Philip combined all the forces of the various tribes whose assistance could be enlisted in the cause. In this juncture of affairs, it did not escape his eagle eye that could he obtain the co-operation of Washaloo and his warriors, from the Delaware, his confederacy would receive a vast accession of strength. The Delaware chief, considering the war sanctioned by reason and justice, acceded to the proposition of the Rhode Island sachem, and immediately hastened to join the coalition. Shortly before his arrival, the Narraganset warriors had sustained a severe defeat, when the English, with savage cruelty, burnt about six hundred wigwams, with all their defenceless inmates, consisting of old men, women and children. His presence was consequently hailed with great exultation by the natives, and not without adequate reason, since his name alone struck terror to the hearts of the dispirited, although partially successful colonists, and infused a new spirit of animation into the souls of his own countrymen. The face of the war now assumed a new aspect; the tide of success quickly reverted its course, and in a current too, that was nigh overwhelming the English. Although not ultimately successful, yet Washaloo sustained his high character throughout the whole conflict: day after day did he unceasingly display the valor of his arms; whole hecatombs of victims were untimely sent to the shades of death, weltering in their gore.

Passing over the diversified events of many horrid scenes, which signalized that bloody period of American history, the circumstances connected with the fate of Captain Wadeworth and his intrepid band of fifty men, from Boston, demand a passing notice. Having encountered a small party of Indians, who fled from him as if under the influence of fear, Wadeworth pursued them about a mile into the woods, where, thus drawn into ambuscade, he was surrounded by the warriors of Washaloo. Like the host of Roderick Dhu, it appeared as if their mother earth had produced a warlike birth of subterranean warriors. Grim death appeared on every side like a spectre led on by an infernal fury, denying even the hope of flight to those whose limbs yet possessed nerve enough to obey the mandates of the will. A desperate engagement ensued; the crimson current of life flowed around in a deluge; but what could the bravery of a handful of Bostonians avail before the death-dealing blows of a far superior number of raging antagonists, whose fury exceeded that of lions and tigers, laniating the shepherd with the flock. Few were so unfortunate as to be taken alive; and into their phrenzied minds, despair precluded even the ingress of the cheering rays of hope, that only solace of human misery; but fired it still more, by the gloomy anticipations of the protracted tortures of a lingering dissolution?

This victory, however, was a dearly purchased one to armipotent Washaloo; for among the mortally wounded, was his own son Mianko, who had always accompanied him in his warlike expeditions, and upon whom he had doated with the warmest affections of a father.—Yes, he, whose youthful aspect wore the impress of a parent's grandeur and exalted mien, also partook, in an eminent degree, of a father's courage, vigor, and dexterity. The just pride of an heroic camp, the high hopes of a paternal chieftain's heart, who fondly saw, in the perspective, an old age of happiness and a posterity of glory, the orient orb of day had beheld him arrayed in all the fantastic trappings of savage warfare. Lycaon's hide, a trophy yet maculate with the vital current that followed the lethiferous arrow of young Mianko, now served the purpose of a corselet for his breast, whilst the ample spoils of the Buffalo, hung loosely over his back in graceful ostentation, over which floated his long black hair, more beautiful than that of Atys or Ganymede. Across his shoulder the bended bow and well stocked quiver hung negligently suspended, and a speckled baldrick sustained the scalping knife that glittered at his side; whilst in his warlike hand, a thirsty tomahawk of polished steel, he swung with easy grace. His neck and arms, no less than his ears and nose, bore precious tokens of his high rank and pedigree; a crimson tuft of feathers supplied a helmet's place; and, last of all, his variegated visage, streaked with black and vermillion red, seemed to claim for him some demoniacal affinity.

But ah! the fatal contrast! Before bright Phœbus's chariot had run its daily course, the disconsolate father embraced in his arms the body of his dying son, the lustre of whose black eyes was now being gradually extinguished in the sable shades of death; his long black tresses, stiff with dust and clotted blood, now gave him a ghastly appearance; his voice sent forth a faltering tone; a hollow groan issued from his breast, and a cold sweat overspread his body—the indications of approaching dissolution.

Washaloo still pressed him to his bosom in agony that pierced his very soul; and, in his transport of grief, he burst into bitter complaint against the cruelty of fortune. "Ah! wretched man," exclaimed he, in his vernacular tongue, "to have once felt the unbounded pleasure arising from the possession of an heroic, a generous, and a dutiful son! Wherefore, O great and universal Spirit, did I not suffer death when chasing the shaggy white bear in the regions of the setting sun? Why, O ye cruel Powers, that delight in the calamities of mortals, did ye not order the arrows of the enemy, thirsting for my blood, to drink up the very fountain, when courting danger on the banks of the Mississippi in the days of my youth? Then—then indeed, should I have died in glory, unalloyed with the bitterness of death!" His thoughts now turned upon his wife and children;—the scenes of his home upon the banks of the Delaware, now crowded upon his mind, where the light of heaven had first blessed his infant view, endeared to him by all the liveliest and fondest associations that entwine themselves around the tenderest sympathies of the human heart; but they, alas! soothed not the hour of his despair. Bursting into another paroxysm of grief, he sobbed aloud: "Is this but a dream from which I shall awake?—No! ah, no! it is dreadful reality! O, my son! my dear son, Mianko! would that I could have died in thy stead! The winds of autumn, rushing through the forest, waft away the leaves that are searest—the hands of the reaper cuts down the ears that are ripened into golden harvest, but death, alas! has found thee in the flower of youth, and in the full pride of manhood! Yet, thank the Great Spirit, covered with honorable wounds, thou diest as it becomes a warrior! In the midst of danger and of glory thou didst willingly meet the death of a hero!"

Mianko, having revived his spirits a little, looked up and made an effort to express the last token of his tenderness, but his torpid lips refused their wonted office; the languor of death quickly succeeded, and a few convulsive sobs announced the presence of Mercury, who, with his magic wand, liberated the soul from the chains of the body, and conducted the shade, by the dim twilight, to the confines of that gloomy region into which it was destined to be conveyed by the boat of Charon. Washaloo was now again seized with a fit of despair, when, had his rash hand not been restrained by his friends, he would have put a period to his own existence with that scalping knife which had ever been impatient to drink the warm and bubbling blood of his enemies.—The corse of Mianko, silently sleeping in the cold embraces of death, and doomed no more to hear the shouts of war, was then forced from the arms of the father, when nature, exhausted in the raging conflict of the body and the soul, sought repose in a state of quiet insensibility.

In the mean time preparations were being actively made to immolate the captives upon the altar of the god of war, among whom was a youth, whose tender years were better suited to the private walks of social life, than to undergo the toils and hardships inseparable from a soldier's duty. Influenced by the ardor of pure patriotism, he had foregone the pleasures of the fireside in exchange for the horrors of war; with the sword in one hand and a torch in the other, he had volunteered his services in that sanguinary contest, which swept away the flower of the New England Colonies. When the deep and solemn silence of midnight was continually broken by the shrill and frantic war-whoop of the savage, exulting in his cold blooded deeds of havoc and death, and by the expiring cries of innocent victims, whose doleful shrieks were borne upon the gale and echoed through the deep recesses of the forest, whilst the crackling elements cast a lurid glare over a heart-rending scene that beggars description. When the sun of prosperity, which one moment shone forth in meridian splendor, was, the next, concealed behind the black horizon of accumulated misfortunes. But the weal of his country's glory, bleeding at every pore, cried aloud for succor; nor did she cry in vain—the proud spirit of young Templeton knew not to disobey the righteous summons, for which he was now to suffer the ignominious death of the faggot and the stake.

His turn came first; the horrors of a lingering dissolution now stared him in the face; the flames began to sparkle among the combustible materials of his torture, but, undismayed by impending prospects, he calmly surveyed the tragic scene, resolved to die with the fortitude of a man and the resignation of a christian? By this time Washaloo, who had regained sufficient strength, arrived on the spot; infuriate vengeance was depicted on his countenance; flourishing in his herculean hand the naked blade, yet stained with the purple gore of slaughtered enemies, the scorching prisoner anticipated a speedy consummation of all his woes and torments; but, on a sudden, the fierceness of the warrior's eye relaxed into the mild expression of paternal affection, and the disappointed captive beheld his bonds lying at his feet, himself unharmed! What could all this mean? The passion of the love of offspring now held predominant sway over the intellectual operations, and impelled the bereft father to pacify the irresistible importunities of nature, by adopting the youthful prisoner. Awed into silence by the majesty of the dreadful son of Mars, not a murmur escaped the lips of Templeton's tormentors, who, with augmented fury, applied the instruments of a cruel death to the remaining captives; whilst the adopted son, caressed in the chieftain's arms, knew full well, that as long as Washaloo should breathe the vital air, no impious hand would dare molest a single hair of his head.

But the days of Templeton's captivity passed away slowly and heavily. Although secure from personal violence, yet the noble spirit that prompted him to aid his country's cause, could ill brook his inglorious restraint. Studiously endeavoring to seclude himself from all human intercourse, he sought the most lonely solitudes, where he frequently indulged in soliloquizing upon his degraded destiny.

"The love of liberty," said he, "is a principle that reigns through all animated nature. The most contemptible reptile of the field, no less than the lord of the forest, either terror-stricken flies from the monster that would deprive it of liberty, or, with commendable courage, repels the tyrant at the hazard of its own life. Who has not seen the encaged songster of the grove, losing all the loveliness of its disposition and drooping its gaudy plumage, pining away in unavailable grief within the precincts of those barriers that separate it from the flowery fields, and from the companion of its pleasures? Who has not seen the majestic lion, in the proverbial nobleness of his nature, uttering groans of agony at his cruel destiny, and striking with indignation the bars of his prison? And shall man, the lord of Creation—aye, that immortal being to whom the God of Nature whispers of his *sublime destiny*, meanly bow his neck to the foot of the oppressor in spiritless submission?"

One day he was so fortunate as to discover, among some neglected rubbish, several books, which served in a great degree to shorten the tedious hours of captivity and solitude.

"Happy," exclaimed he, "are they who, despising the tumultuous and enervating pleasures of the body, seek amusement in the cultivation of the mind. Wherever the caprice of fortune may cast their lot, the means of employment are still within their reach. The supreme delight which reading and reflection now afford me, dispels that weary listlessness which renders life insupportable to the idle and voluptuous votary of ease and sensuality."

Imitating the fabled example of Telemachus in Egypt, and of Apollo during his exile in Thessaly, he resolved to improve his time in imparting knowledge to those around him; he studiously infused into the expanding mind of the young savage those principles of truth and virtue, by which human existence is heightened into felicity; he taught him how to enjoy those uncorrupted pleasures which, flying from the mansions of the rich, seek the abode of the humble and contented

S. E. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, September 14.

EXTENSIVE FORGERIES.—A check for $1800, on the Commercial Bank, purporting to be drawn by James Musgrave, broker, was presented at the Bank on Monday, and paid by the cashier in the absence of the paying teller. Two other checks, on the Philadelphia and Farmer's and Mechanic's Bank, amounting to $9000, purporting to be drawn by Mr. Parke, broker, in Fourth street, were also presented, by the same individual it is believed, and paid. After the banks closed, it was discovered that all three checks were forgeries, exceedingly well executed. Efforts for the detection of the forger were immediately made, and it is probable the villain will not long remain undiscovered.

By the arrival of the brig Forest from Madeira whence she sailed on the 20th of July, we learn that no political ebullition was observable there; the inhabitants silently observed the progress of events, but were decidedly in favour of Miguel. How far the recent events in Portugal will operate on this feeling, it is not easy to calculate. A Miguelite brig-of-war, carrying 20 guns, had just arrived at the island, after having escaped the fate of the remaining portion of the fleet. Some of her masts and yards were much injured by grape-shot.

Epitome of the Times.

The America Hose Company, have removed their apparatus from the corner of Sixth and Walnut streets, to a capacious room in Sixth street, above Chesnut, formerly the entrance to the pit of the Chesnut street Theatre.

Ellen Conell, a little girl, about two years of age, was run over by a loaded cart, in the neighbourhood of Sixth and Shippen street, on Saturday afternoon, and instantly killed. No blame is attached to the carter, who, at the time of the accident, was leading his horse by the head.

A lithographic portrait of Sergeant ANDREW WALLACE, aged *one hundred and four years*, is for sale at the office of the National Gazette, for the benefit of the veteran.

The evening exhibition of the panorama of Mexico, will hereafter commence at half past seven o'clock, instead of eight, as heretofore.

The American Quarterly Review has been transferred by Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard, to Messrs. Key & Biddle, Minor street, by whom it will be published hereafter. The work will continue under the same editorial control.

The receipts for travelling and transportation on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, for the last six months, exceed one hundred and eight thousand dollars.

The democratic delegates of Lycoming, Potter and [illegible]

EXECUTION.

"QUAKER CASE."

ground assumed by Judge Drake, the civil courts, have power to take cognizance of matters pertaining to faith and discipline.

A SENTINEL.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

From a London Paper.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—*Singular accident to a Rope Dancer.*—On Thursday night was what was called the 'Juvenile Fete'. The little people were there in multitudes, their spirits as good as usual, and every thing—the peculiar devices, the 'ten thousand additional lamps,' and the ten hundred thousand other little things which tickle only little fancies, and which are to be met with no where in such perfection as at Vauxhall, were felt and appreciated as such exertions to please fairly deserved to be. All was gaiety and enjoyment up to a certain hour, but an unfortunate and unforeseen accident then occurred, which for a time sullied the gratification of the young folks, and threatened to be painfully injurious to the feelings of the elder ones, and in general cast a damper upon the gaiety of an entertainment which, notwithstanding all the temptations to the contrary, did not disappear for the whole of the evening. The cause of it was this: —Amongst the various and curious descriptions of entertainment, it was announced that rope dancing was to take place in its order, somewhere between eight and nine o'clock.—Accordingly, a performer, whose name we do not find in the bills, but which [illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, Sept. 14, 1833.

REMOVAL.

The Printing and publication office of this paper is now removed to No. 36 Carter's Alley, 3d door below 3d Street.

Country editors who insert our prospectus, are entitled to an exchange with the Post or Casket, for one year from the date of the first insertion. At the end of twelve months, we consider ourselves fully authorized to withhold the exchange, provided a new prospectus is not communicated in her support. Some newspaper editors have thought themselves entitled to a perpetual exchange for the mere insertion of our advertisement; and in others, an old advertisement is considered as the publication of which has done more injury than benefit. We mention this differently, our understanding of this matter, that, however, it may not be charged with wilful dealing. Such as do not comply with the requisitions here laid down, will be erased from our exchange list.

MR. DUPLEX.—We are gratified to learn that there is now a strong probability that the difficulties heretofore in the way of a railroad connexion from this city, will soon be removed. Mr. Jaquett, who has already succeeded so successfully in a very large sum for the subscription of which has done more injury than benefit. We mention this differently, our understanding of this matter, that, however, it may not be charged with wilful dealing. Such as do not comply with the requisitions here laid down, will be erased from our exchange list.

The garden of La Grange is an ancient family seat, the property of Mr. Bayard, and is situated on Christian street, between Broad and Thirteenth streets. A portion of it, one hundred and sixty feet square, is reserved by Mr. Bayard to be divided into a tight house, and furnished with rough benches, for the accommodation of a select circle of fifty cross each, will be ad mitted into the enclosure without the payment of admission, and the preparation connected with his immediate object. The spot is peculiarly well fitted for the purpose. The garden is surrounded by an old wooden fence, quite large enough to accommodate the whole party with ease, and within which an uninterrupted view may be had of the ballon, the moment it rises above the enclosure.

A young gentleman of the city, it has been mentioned to us, has volunteered to accompany Mr. Duplex in his ascent from La Grange.

PETTICOATS.—On Saturday afternoon last, at the auction store in Market street above Third, the attention of several gentlemen was attracted to the movements of two persons, who were amusing themselves with looking at the pockets of their neighbours! These gentry, thinking themselves quite secure in the crowd that thronged the room, from being preceded to detection. One of them drew the three fingers of his right hand into the pantaloon pocket of a gentleman, whose attention he engaged in a discussion of the value of the goods then offered for sale by the auctioneer's hammer. With his left hand he adroitly worked the wallet from the bottom of a deep pocket, which the gentleman could safely grasp it, and was in the act of securing his prize, unnoticed by the owner, when a hooker on seized him by the collar while his accomplice was at the same instant secured by a third observer. On Monday morning they were examined before the Mayor, and were recognized as John and Charles McCaughey, known well to the pursuers, and both but recently discharged from the Penitentiary. They were accordingly committed for trial. Their father is said to have died a convict in the New York State prison.

ATTENDS TO BUSINESS.—In the neighbourhood of Race and Third street, on Tuesday evening, the attention of several citizens was attracted to a man, who, led, by observing a white horse, shabbily dressed, loaded with a wheelbarrow filled with a rubbish of gravel, about eight or nine years old. The wheelbarrow and load, his of the man being known, he was questioned as to by his curious friends, but his answers were so confused and unsatisfactory, that it was deemed advisable to take him before him. A crowd soon collected, and the fellow was carried to the Mayor's office, where to point out her residence, was sent home. His opinion of whom by whom the girl was rescued, there was no doubt but the man intended to carry her off.

Mr. Power, the celebrated Irish comedian, is about to commence an engagement at the Chesnut street Theatre, during which he will perform a number of his favourite characters. In New York he created much attention, and gentlemen familiar with the drama and the performers, declare that Power has never had his equal, in his particular line, is not to be found. We believe he appears this evening.

Dr. Ware, of this city, has, we understand, in a forward state of preparation, a new play, designed for the company at the Walnut street theatre. The piece is said to be adapted to the capacity and talents of the several performers, and will, we doubt not, possess sufficient merit to please the play-going public, without the attraction of a flaming "star." It will probably be produced in the course of a month.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

The Biblical and Theological Review, is the title of a periodical published quarterly, by Messrs. Russell & Martin, of this city. It is conducted by an association of gentlemen of the Methodist E. Church, and the contents is such as to afford much interesting information to the christian and clergyman. The articles in the present number are, Bishop Asbury's Journals, Methodism and Abolition; on Bishop Admissions to the Church; Dangerous Innovations, Boston on Episcopacy, Review of Dr. Dwight's Theology in Part, Review of the scandal Works of the Rev. Wm. Jay, and Literary Notices.

The little volume just published by Marshall, Clark & Co. of the city, entitled "Anecdotes of Women," illustrative of Female Character, will be found to contain a great many matter of much interest and amusement. The history of eminent persons, is exemplified by remarkable traits in their character, is always profitable to the reader for knowledge and is anecdotes and sketches, such as are here recorded in this interesting volume. Some of the stories in the present volume are entirely new to us, and all are prepared in a style at once chaste and pleasing.

In the *Subaltern's Furlough*, a new work, by the Harpers, of New York, we have the opinions of another English traveller on America and American character. The author, E. T. Coke, of the 65th Regiment, has expressed his opinion in our people in our people, their habits and institutions, than either of his predecessors but rather from an inability to render his remarks interesting, or from a want of ability to acquire information in his flying excursions through our principal cities, but from a prejudice but little stronger. In republican forms for examination than most, he seems invariably to have chosen the most trifling, and dwelt with them in a most tedious manner. In his pages, few will find themselves wiser from his researches. The Subaltern's only amusing as was no doubt, and his travelling excursions are to such as take him to write a sensible book on America.

SEVERE ACCIDENT.—Those who take pleasure in following the lonely and/or among the trackless ocean, and the wonders it presents, will find much to please in the pages, enjoyments, and adventures, will derive from *Service Afloat*, a high degree of gratification. This work, from the pen of Mr. Edward C. Markly, will Market street, comprises the personal narrative of a British naval officer during the late war. It is well written, and teems with interesting anecdote and adventure—such as are incident to the life of a sailor, and such as, when well portrayed, never fail to secure the attention of a gentleman. The author, who seems to be a gentleman of close observation, has embodied in his work much information of a useful and entertaining character.

RETRENCHMENT.

It would be difficult to point out a number of Philadelphia more rife with the elements of retrenchment, than Montgomery township. To many persons the same narrative as also of the open country, formed of the dense and compact street; but the township contains a great where every inch of ground is in active cultivation with its neighbour, while those more than two years ago were open country, enclosed in poor and rail fences, studded with the stubs of trees and rich soil heretofore used as the fuel and of the neck, are now beautified with new streets, crossing each other at right angles, and lined on each side with solid rows of brick and mortar. Every thing goes on with rapid strides towards the point where improvement will cease of necessity. Perhaps no enemy in the business interest will be near that year. As a law of this township prohibits the erection of any frame of brick-lined buildings, the present and future improvements is of the most substantial kind. Ground which a year ago was valued at from one to two hundred dollars per acre, is now valued at from one to two thousand dollars per acre, and is held at that price by the owners. Many of the streets are already paved, and the gutters are all laid with flag stones. Gas is introduced on the day of its commencement.

The Montgomery Bridge, which every day for, is now in progress of erection, and will be completed in the course of the present month. Its dimensions are as follows:

Length of the bridge	300 feet.
Width	40 feet.
Height	40 feet.

From one improvement of the company, wherever the ground is required for the purposes of the company, such purchase money and arrangement will be made with the owners, as the circumstances of the case may require, and the company may deem reasonable. Should any owner refuse to make such reasonable arrangement as the company may deem reasonable, the company will proceed to condemn such property, in the manner prescribed by the act of assembly, and the owner will be entitled to receive the money, upon the verdict of a jury, and the confirmation of the same by the court.

The Montgomery Bridge will also open up for the benefit of the public, a new and direct route to the Schuylkill, which will be a great saving of distance to the travelling community, and will be the means of bringing into the market a large amount of produce, which has heretofore been carried to other markets.

In Twelfth street, ranging from Shippen street, three hundred feet, a splendid market house is being made for the erection of a substantial Market House, for the use of the citizens of the township. The very great distance the citizens are now compelled to go to the market house, operates as a serious consideration in the way of many persons, who would prefer to have a market houses to be laid in this flourishing portion of the city, this public convenience is in full operation, none may doubt but that the sale of lots, and the erection of the buildings will be considerable.

Among the luxuries of Moyamensing, Rembrandt's Bath, General Jackson's Bath, and the Bath of Leander, stand pre-eminent. Aside from the gratification we experience in wandering through its neatly graveled walks, fragrant with honeysuckle and the sweet briar, and the numerous floral memorials of affection, which the tender grief of surviving friends has scattered with graceful profusion over the graves of the departed, we know of no modern institution for the public benefit, which will be found more useful, or has been productive of so much real good, to the poorer classes of society. Formerly, the enormous charges made for interring a deceased member of a family, in a respectable man, were so unreasonably great as to drive the friends of the deceased to resign to the common Potter's Field, that which humanity and decency required to be given to the remains of departed friends. Now, the poorest can inter their dead with decency, and the rich can erect over whose memory they dearly cherished. No scene could mark his resting place—no common sympathy of the world manifested his presence—no tear of affection shed, as was synonymous with disgrace and sense. Now, for a very small sum, the ashes of the poor man may be shielded and watched by the same attentions, and protection, evinced within defences, and surround- ed by the embellishments of art and nature, that of themselves arise from the pockets of their neighbours! These gentry, thinking themselves quite secure in the crowd that thronged the room, from being preceded to detection. One of them drew the three fingers of his right hand into the pantaloon pocket of a gentleman, whose attention he engaged in a discussion of the value of the goods then offered for sale by the auctioneer's hammer. With his left hand he adroitly worked the wallet from the bottom of a deep pocket, which the gentleman could safely grasp it, and was in the act of securing his prize, unnoticed by the owner, when a hooker on seized him by the collar while his accomplice was at the same instant secured by a third observer. On Monday morning they were examined before the Mayor, and were recognized as John and Charles McCaughey, known well to the pursuers, and both but recently discharged from the Penitentiary. They were accordingly committed for trial. Their father is said to have died a convict in the New York State prison.

ATTENDS TO BUSINESS.—In the neighbourhood of Race and Third street, on Tuesday evening, the attention of several citizens was attracted to a man, who, led, by observing a white horse, shabbily dressed, loaded with a wheelbarrow filled with a rubbish of gravel, about eight or nine years old. The wheelbarrow and load, his of the man being known, he was questioned as to by his curious friends, but his answers were so confused and unsatisfactory, that it was deemed advisable to take him before him. A crowd soon collected, and the fellow was carried to the Mayor's office, where to point out her residence, was sent home. His opinion of whom by whom the girl was rescued, there was no doubt but the man intended to carry her off.

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From the Hoosierdom, (Ky.) Advocate.

A MIRACLE.—A miracle was brought before the last term of the Trail Circuit Court, in a cause wherein the property of Wilson Lewis was assigned as security for one Wood. The case was tried on a Friday evening, the jury were duly elected and sworn, and the case was opened by the counsel. The suit seemed to be a hard one, the plaintiff was backed, and had not, having been killed by a blow upon the head with a rock. The counsel was engaged all night, and had not heard the evidence and was about to retire to rest, when a knock at the door came into the room and his ample form filled the door. At once the plaintiff was dumb struck, and the counsel was astonished at the sight. For some time the witness stood in the door, and then he came forward and took his seat by the side of the plaintiff's counsel. He was sworn and testified as follows:—That he was the identical man who was killed by a blow upon the head with a rock, and that he was not dead—and when asked if he was not dead, he answered that he was dead, and that he was dead. He was then asked if he was not dead, and he answered that he was dead, and that he was dead. He was then asked if he was not dead, and he answered that he was dead, and that he was dead. He was then asked if he was not dead, and

THE OHIO

Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.—Cowper.

Friday, Saturday Evening Post.

THE HAND BOY.

White and I were once asked I sall,
And dig it for them hence!
With words of my heart will swell,
When wanter's most intense.

A poor, deserted orphan boy,
Nor friends nor home I've got;
I scarcely know the name of joy—
Sure mine's a wretched lot!

I seem so long—I would not steal;
A penny justly earned,
Is better, though it were a meal,
Than gaunous badly earned.

So, round the town my soul I cry—
My shoes are worn and bed!
I hope, kind friends, my need you'll buy,
And make my heart most glad. D.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ECONOGRAPHY.

I am composed of three parts: a *performer*, a *letter*, and a *human member*; which, together, constitute a right hand. I am a native of Ireland, and I delight in deeds of blood. When suspected, I represent a blacksmith at his anvil; when convicted, I appear at farthest from the middle: to succeed, embodied smoke; the characteristic of a miser; grateful; and one of a bishop; to rebel; to plead a mock cause; one volume of twenty; the first man; to be in a passion; the greatest power; to wager with a coin; to; a negative; added to a letter, a wild beast; not a maid; a shower; here; why; obtuseness; not at home, &c., &c., &c.

In men there is a lump upon the windpipe, formed by the thyroid cartilage, which is not to be seen in women, as Adam found when he ate of the fruit of the original apple that has stuck in the men's throat by the way; but that the woman swallowed her part of it down.

A gentlemen who married a lackadaisical young lady, was asked by an old friend, in the hall, after leaving in an unusual strain upon the pleasures of matrimony, "Well, Jack, how do you like it?" He exclaimed—"Why, Jack your wife is not so precise as she used to be." To which the other replied, with a sneer, "No, she has left that off; she is now an experience."

ENCOURAGING REMARK MASTER.—"And you are at school now, are you?" was the question of a country man to a lad's nephew, who had just been removed to commence his education. "And do you like the school, my son?" "Why, sometimes I do, sir." "That's right; you'll be a brave scholar, I'll warrant you, if you go on as you do now. Do you like to play with "Next to the hand." "Next to the hand, say you?—some, you deserve something for that!"—whistling for her whole cause into the hand of the delighted urchin. "And how many are in your class?" "I and a little girl."

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.—The landlord of the only house of entertainment in Ireland, indeed the only house of any kind, averaging the intervening stations, has placed upon his door the following unanswerable appeal to the reason and justice of the passenger:

THE READER SENT US CLARE
And a most Fine Ny House
AND IF I SHOT AT THERE,
I SHOT WELL NO one More.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—"You saved my life on one occasion," said a beggar to a captain, under whom he had served. "Never you fear," replied the officer: "do you think that I am a doctor?" "No, but I served your pipe in the battle of ——, and when you ran away, I followed; and thanks like was preserved."

RIDDLE.

A word if you find that will silence proclaim,
Which spelled backwards or forwards will still be the same;
And since we pray to search for a feminine name
Which backwards or forwards will still be the same;
A fowl there is, which backwards or forwards is one,
And backwards or forwards it never is over the same;
A note used in music, which time does proclaim
And backwards or forwards will still be the same;
The initial contained in this well known,
Which backwards or forwards will still be the same;
And which backwards or forwards will still be the same.

Yours, backwards or forwards forever the same.

MANDA.

SOLUTION.

Mom is the word that will silence our problem,
Which spelled backwards or forwards is ever the same.

And Anna we bring as the feminine name,
Spelled backwards or forwards forever the same.
A *Deed* is the act or writing you name,
Spelled backwards or forwards still will be the same.
Asses's the fruit by botanical name,
Spelled backwards or forwards forever the same.
A *Minim's* the note which time does proclaim,
And backwards or forwards still will be the same.
NEW MEMEK, you have, for the ode you claim,
As no one will doubt you're a true blue Yankee flame.
May you ever be near to your fame and your name,
And be as you know forever the same.

YOUTH, TOM MOE.

EVERY BODY HIS OWNEST JOCK.—The following translation of the Scotch proverb is a literal one, word for word, and we do not recollect of ever seeing it published; it is, however, a favourite proverb with the Lancaster author remarked, that he believed it was possible that such happiness might be the lot of any man, body or other. Sir Walter observed, "Well," said the gentleman, "there is an old story, that every man will confess my opinion to meets the very knee kind of human punishment." Sir Walter, after a short consideration, answering among hemming to himself, when Sir Walter Scott, "Every body his own jock." "Ah, sir," said the gentleman, "I see you are a Scotchman." "Why, sir," answered he, "Now, Jamie, how many pieces is you?" "Is them six, sir." "And have you warm?" "Oh, sir," "And are of it, John said to pa?" "Oh, sir," "Then," said the gentleman, swearing, "I am a perfect happy creature!" "Not so fast," interposed Sir Walter; "is there not something, Jamie, that bothers ye at?" "Oh, sir," said the poor, clapping her merry look, "there's always Sandy Bobby Jock that follows me wherever I gang, and—" "Enough," said Sir Walter, "you are a very sensible and modest child, and it is limited by several one of some kind of your own." "Every body his own Bobby Scott," *Edinburgh Evening*; etc.

"Spoons?"—Simms, once a knave than a fool, was suspected, and with great propriety of silver spoons, and was arrested. He applied to a young lawyer of mine last fall to defend him. The lawyer, who had never had a case, the more easy offering a liberal compensation if he would get him clear, undertook it. He examined the witnesses of the case, and as the very evidence was of a very strong character, he thought he could get him off by proving an alibi. He therefore put him on examination of the witnesses, and among